

THE PERRYSBURG JOURNAL.

A Republican Newspaper---Successor to the "Fort Meigs Reveille," and "Perrysburg Star."

VOL. 2.

PERRYSBURG, WOOD COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854.

NO. 31.

From Chambers's (Edinburgh) Journal.

Visit to a Turkish Castle.

We started at ten o'clock, one fine morning, a small party of four, for a stroll through the woods to the castle of Pacha Sheffie, a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose acquaintance we had previously made, and who had promised to show us his farm when next we honored him with a visit. We provided ourselves with sundry bottles of Tenedos wine, one of cognac, some kid-pies, reindeer tongues, &c., and we took our guns and servants, intending to bivouac under the shade of the tall trees during the heat of the day.

We shot a fine hare, and several head of game, and a brown bird very much resembling a bird of paradise, here called a *poopoo*, which was stuffed on our return to our ship. But shooting is thirsty work, and we looked in vain for a stream of water to cool our wine in; so we thought it our best plan to proceed to the pacha's castle, and ask for a jar of water—the exigency of the case being a fair excuse for breaking the noontide repose of the inhabitants. On arriving there, we knocked and shouted very unceremoniously, considering it was at the castle-gate of one of the nobles of the land; but Englishmen do strange things in strange countries. At length the pacha himself answered our summons. Instead of the rich and picturesque vestments in which we had formerly seen him, he now descended in a morning dress of white linen, and demanded in a surly tone the cause of our intrusion. It was evident that he did not at first recognize me in my shooting-jacket and broad brimmed sombrero, but he recovered his composure on being reminded of our former visit, his own hospitality, and the portrait we had sketched of himself and his pretty little daughter Fatima. He then disappeared, and, to our great surprise, returned speedily in full costume—a gorgeous silk dress, with a scarlet sash, a splendid diamond ring, &c. Going through the ceremonies of a courteous reception, he invited us to go in and see the "castillo." In we went, accordingly, and all over it he took us. No sign of life was in it all. He took us into one room full of magnificent Turkish saddlery; and then into another in which he kept his arms. There were some beautiful Turkish cimeters in silver scabbards, with such razor-like blades that I felt as if my head was off while looking at them. There were also some pistols of rich and curious workmanship, and before the doors, in each room, hung a verse of the Koran. We ascended by a dark and narrow staircase to the top of the castle, which commanded a fine view of the Dardanelles, and the forts of Sestos and Abydos, so famous in classic story. Upon examination, we saw that we were in a stronghold, a sort of Blue Beard's castle, which idea was rather increased by the report of one of the servants who had been sent down a trap-door to draw water out of the well, which was in the centre of the building—that "it smelt as if half a dozen dead bodies were down there!" And there was a strange, distrustful tone about the whole place. There were iron doors to some of the rooms, into which our host did not introduce us, and these, we concluded, were the doors of the harem. The entrance door was in the center of the building, some twenty feet from the ground, and the only way to reach it was by passing over a narrow bridge. When this was cut off, the place was inaccessible, for all the windows were small, and iron bars crossed them in every direction.

Having obtained a supply of water and a vessel for cooling our wine, we proposed adjourning to the fields to discuss our provisions. We asked our friend the pacha to accompany us, and he promised to join us as soon as we had finished our meal. Under the shade of a broad spreading oak tree, we arranged our feast, the bread-bags in which we had brought it serving for a table-cloth. As we were reclining upon the grass, the

pacha's two wives, closely veiled, and his two children, passed before us, attended by several black slaves, in a sort of procession. They were either going to or returning from the bath. Shortly after, we saw the old pacha himself with his son, a fine boy of about eight years of age, his little daughter Fatima on a donkey, and a retinue of blackies, crossing the fields and coming toward us.

He joined our little party, and sat cross-legged by my side, with the little Fatima and his son. Fatima was a lovely creature; she was not in the least shy; she only smiled, and looked inquiringly at me with her large fawn-like eyes when I took her little hand in mine to examine the coloring of *henna*, with which, according to the custom of her country, her fingers were deeply stained. Her eyebrows were made to meet with something that had very much the appearance of burned cork. She had been decorated for the occasion with a turban, in addition to her usual costume. The little boy was clad in richly embroidered silk; and altogether, I think we must have formed a very picturesque group, with our background of peak-like trees and woodland slopes.

We offered wine to our guest, which he smelt, and then, shaking his head, said, with evident disgust: "Sensatemi, signore, the Prophet has denied it: the Mussulman may not taste of the juice of the grape." But when we offered him brandy, his eyes sparkled, and he tossed off about half a tumbler of it raw, although we recommended water with it; and then he took another and another pull at the same generous liquor, until he ended by finishing the bottle—a feat he accomplished before he had been cross-legged an hour and a half. Of course he became very "royal" and very amusing. In a short time the stateliness of the old Turk had quite departed. He sang and danced; slapped me repeatedly on the thigh, which he made to sound again, and which seemed a favorite amusement with him; then, all at once, making a dash at me, he would have bestowed on me a most affectionate kiss, had I not cried out for help, exclaiming: "Take him off! take him off!" upon which he turned his polite attention to another of our party, who, however, pulled the old pacha's beard so hard, that he at length desisted. The old Turk had been a soldier in his youth; and military glory, "the ruling passion strong in grog," returning upon him, he seized a loaded gun which lay beside us, began to figure away with it. But when he came to the word "present," I made a rush and dispossessed it of its cap, and then I did not care, but "fell in" with him, with my stick shouldered; and we marched up and down together, calling out our different words of command, to the amusement of our friends.

But the sun began to get low in the sky, and little Fatima grew tired, and cried to go home; so I took hold of one of the old pacha's arms, my friend seized the other, and between us we almost carried the old ruffian home, for walk he could not. He would have inflicted on me another drunken kiss, but being a little man, could not reach me, and I was easily able to ward off his polite intentions in that way. Arrived at the castle-gate, he shouted loudly, and out came slaves, black and white, and children too, and much they marveled to see the old Turk drag us all after him into the old den again—Turcomans being very tenacious of admitting Giaours under the same roof with their wives. The Giaours were wicked enough to wish to see these said wives, and presently, while the pacha was grinding away on the stairs upon a broken-winded old hand-organ of singular construction, with an attempt at a song, two very pretty heads were thrust out at the iron door we had before noticed. Very young and very beautiful were they, but they quickly disappeared; and when the youngest and most indiscreet of our party, with boy-like curiosity, tried to peep through the keyhole, in order to get another

glimpse of the fair inmates of the iron-door-chamber, the little Mussulman, who, as I said before, was a fine boy of about eight years old, placed himself before it, and shook his fist most vehemently; nor would he move away from the place he had taken upon himself to protect. As Mrs. Blue Beard and Sister Anne appeared no more, and their drunken lord did not seem inclined to introduce us to the ladies, we at length beat our retreat amidst his repeated shouts of "bravo! bravo! Inglesi; bravo! bravo!"

How SHALL WE GET INTO SOCIETY.—The Philadelphia Ledger, in a recent spirited article, speaking of Americans who do all they can to nourish a feeling of social caste in this country, which they dignify by the name of "society," thus happily hits the folly:

It is principally with the female sex that this mania rages. A young man marries a half-educated girl, both being, perhaps, not worth a thousand dollars. In time, partly by good luck, and partly by good management, the husband amasses a fortune. Now, all at once, the wife, hitherto anxious only for money to bring up their children properly, and to smooth their old age, begins to talk about "position." But, instead of seeking that position by cultivating the mind and manners, she thinks to obtain it by securing admission to this or that set of arbitrary exclusives. To be invited to Mrs. Flummery's balls, or to have Mrs. Pretension on her visiting list is what the deluded woman believes to be getting into "society." What slights she endures, what meanness she descends to, what intrigues she undertakes in order to achieve these ends! She follows Mrs. Potiphar to Newport, and takes a box at the opera behind Mrs. Dash. She puts her coachman into livery, hires a French teacher for her children, and purchases a pew at the church of the Rev. Mr. Cream Cheese. By and bye she flatters herself, because she knows all these silly people, that she has obtained a "position," that she has got into "society." And yet she is, perhaps, just as illiterate, as mean, and as vulgar as ever; for her French dinners do not make her less selfish nor one whit more polite at heart. In truth, she is often more hard to her servants, more the slave of envy, and altogether less worthy than when she was comparatively poor, and when she thought more of her husband and family than getting into "society."

While at Toledo my attention was drawn to a very large new stately-looking building, standing on a rise of ground in the western part of the town; and on inquiry, I learned that it was a union school house. On going to it, and, by the politeness of Rev. Anson Smith, superintendent, passing through its several apartments, I found it not only the largest but the best arranged building of the kind I have ever seen. Its cost is about forty thousand dollars, and it is said to be the best school house in the Buckeye State. In the basement, aside from two large furnaces and rooms for the janitor, are two spacious apartments for play grounds on rainy or other disagreeable days. They have a well laid brick floor, are free from dampness, and most admirably answer the purpose for which they are designed. On the next floor are recitation rooms, and at either end is a wash room, as well arranged as anything of the kind in our best steamboats and at first class hotels. On the next floor above, is a hall capable of seating comfortably a thousand persons. Though designed exclusively for the use of the school, it would be an excellent place for public lectures. Still higher up is a bell which weighs 4,300 pounds. All the rooms are very high, studded and of ample size, and the arrangements for warming and ventilating them are seemingly perfect. The play grounds without are large and well arranged, though not finished.—[Cor. Buffalo Commercial.

Killing of Aubrey.

A correspondent furnishes to the St. Louis Republican the annexed account of the circumstances under which Mr. Aubrey, the noted traveler, met his death:

Major Weightman, hearing of the arrival of Aubrey, and that he was at the store of the Messrs. Mercure, merchants at Santa Fe, crossed the plaza to see him, and was one of the first to take him by the hand and greet him as a friend. When Major Weightman arrived at the store of the Mercures, several persons had already arrived to pay their respects to Mr. Aubrey.

Aubrey and Weightman met kindly, shook hands, and conversed pleasantly for a short time, when something having been said by a third person about the route by which Aubrey had arrived from California, Aubrey asked the Major if he yet published his paper in Albuquerque. The Major said, no; that it was dead; had died a natural death from want of subscribers. Aubrey then said it should have died, because of the lies with which it was filled. This was said without excitement. When Weightman asked "what lies?" Aubrey remarked, "When I returned from California last year, you asked me for information in respect to my route, and afterwards you abused me." This Weightman denied, saying: "No, Aubrey, I did not abuse you." Aubrey then said, more or less excited, "I say you did, and I now repeat, it is a lie," at the same time bringing his hand down with force upon the counter.

At this, Weightman, who was sitting on the counter, five or six feet from Aubrey, sprang down and approached Aubrey, who had been standing near the counter, and taking a glass from which Aubrey had been drinking a toddy, threw the contents in his face. Weightman immediately stepped back, when Aubrey drew a pistol, (Colt's belt pistol,) the first shot from which took effect in the ceiling, (supposed to have gone off while cocking.) Weightman then drew a knife, and before another shot could be fired, closed with Aubrey and stabbed him in the abdomen, and soon after seized Aubrey's pistol.

The Messrs. Mercure rushed on and seized the parties. Aubrey rapidly sank, and as soon as he relinquished his pistol, Weightman said: "I did it in my own defence, and I will go and surrender myself to the authorities," which he did, accompanied by his friend Major Cunningham. Aubrey died in a few minutes. He received but the one blow. Major Weightman has carried a bowie knife for his protection for a year past, believing it to be necessary for him to do so. This was stated as the cause of his being armed. Aubrey was not of the number of those who were inimical to him. The relations between Aubrey and Weightman had been heretofore of the most agreeable character.

Teniers, perceiving that the works of painters sold much better after the death of their authors, wisely determined to anticipate the reversionary profits of talent; and to effect this, thought he could not adopt a better expedient than to cease to live to the public. In order to execute this singular stratagem, he absented himself from the town of Anvers, and his wife and children counterfeited affliction by putting on black. The trick succeeded, and in a very short time all the pieces of the pretended deceased were bought up at very high prices, which, besides relieving his present wants, enabled him to realize a handsome sum for the future.

THE LARGEST HOG.—Martin Roberts, who resides on the river some six miles below Madison in Kentucky, informs us that he has a hog that weighs upwards of 1900 lbs., which he has sold for \$200. This unexamined hog was to be on exhibition at the Indiana State Fair, on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th of October, and no doubt excited as much curiosity as any other object.—[Mad. Ban.